

No. 8

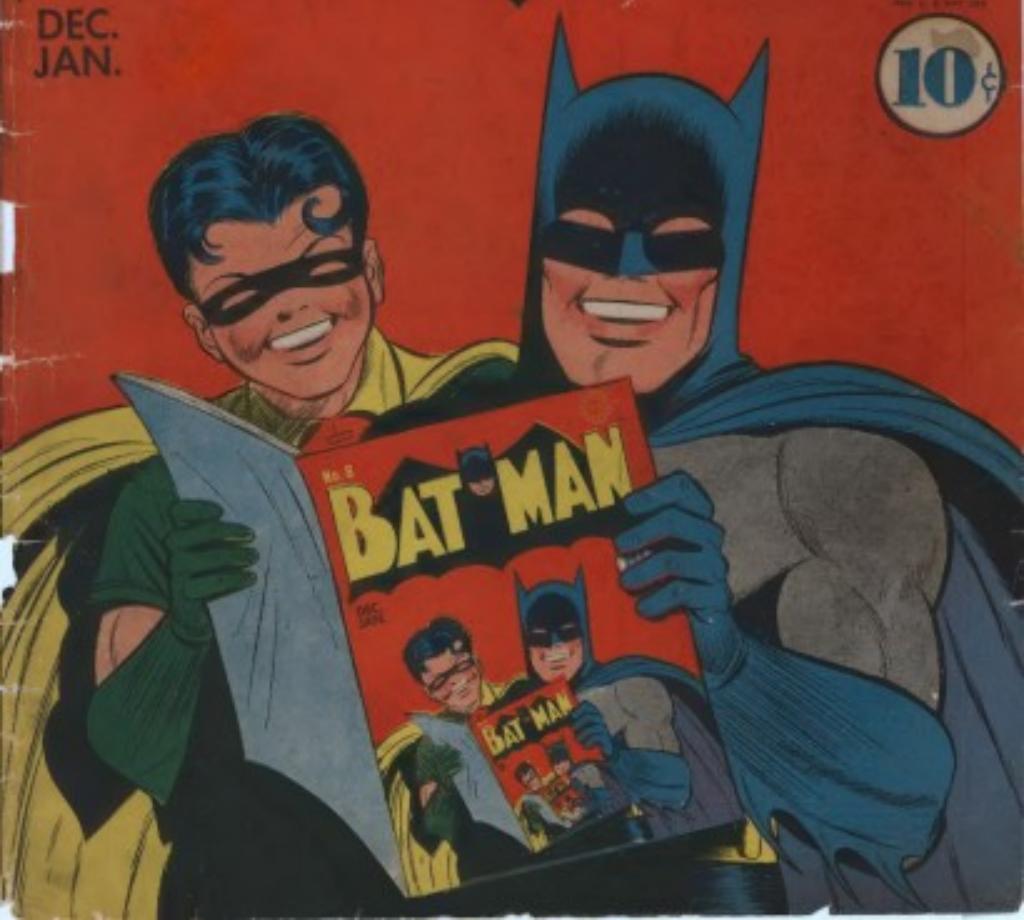
A SUPERMAN
PUBLICATION
DC

BAT-MAN

DEC.
JAN.

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10¢



No. 8



BATMAN

DEC.
JAN.

FED. N. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢



ANOTHER MESSAGE TO OUR READERS

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Following is a complete list of the
magazines which comprise the
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ACTION COMICS

DETECTIVE COMICS

ADVENTURE COMICS

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ALL-AMERICAN COMICS

FLASH COMICS

SUPERMAN

BATMAN

ALL-STAR COMICS

ALL FLASH QUARTERLY

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

GREEN LANTERN

WHEN we announced the formation of our Editorial Advisory Board in all our publications last month, we really did not expect such a wonderful reaction. We are receiving letters every day from every state in the union, from people in every walk of life, complimenting us on our selection and thanking us for our efforts in providing the boys and girls of America with clean, wholesome, comic entertainment.

It makes us very happy, indeed, to see that the majority of these letters are written and sent to us by the parents of our readers and our Editorial Advisory Board joins us in expressing our appreciation.

We welcome, at all times, letters from our readers as well as their parents and we hope that many more of you will write us.

This month we take great pleasure in introducing two more members of our Editorial Advisory Board.

Dr. William Moulton Marston, the well-known consulting psychologist, received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Harvard University. He has been a lecturer in psychology at the Universities of Columbia, New York and Southern California, and director of the Psychological Clinic at Tufts College. He is a frequent contributor to such outstanding magazines as *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Reader's Digest*.

Our other new member of the Editorial Advisory Board is **Dr. W. W. Sones**, Professor of Education and Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh. Dr. Sones is also a consultant of the Pennsylvania State Department of Education and the Carnegie Foundation for Teachers.

Sincerely,

The Publishers



THIS TRADEMARK IS
YOUR GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
COMIC READING

P.S. Miss Jouette Frank, of the Child Study Association recently made a radio address over station WABC and the Columbia Network on the subject of "CHILDREN'S COMICS."

A copy of this address will be sent without charge to those readers or parents requesting it.

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN



EVERY SO OFTEN, FROM THE CRIMINAL SOCIETY OF A CITY, THERE RISES A THIEF, SO BRAVE, SO CUNNING, THAT SOCIETY'S GREATEST EXPERTS TO PUT IT OUT, DON'T WANT HARMING ONE MAN IN JAIL, CONVICTION WAITES, THIS IS MARCH WITH A HORROR COMMUNAL ORGANIZATION, BEHIND HAMMERS AND WHIPS, VIOLENCE WHICH NO PISTOL CAN STAND UP AGAINST! THE PIRATE BATMAN AND ROBIN PART HARSHLY TELLING THEM, IT IS STORY NAMED, IT IS CALLED—
"THE WALLY DO NOT A PILLION THIEF."

TWO MEN FIGHT A WILD SWIMMING BATTLE!



STARTLING NEWS HEADLINES
THE MORNING PAPERS...



RUSSO CONFERRED WITH HIS LAWYER
IN A POLICE STATION CELL...

IT LOOKS BAD, MATE--THEY'VE GOT TOO MUCH ON YOU!

WEANT I KNOW BUT I'VE BEEN THINKING--AND I GOT ME A TERRIFIC ADVICE NOW YOU LISTEN--

BIG MIKE--RUSSO'S TRIAL IS A SHIRT ONE...

...AND IT IS THE DUTY OF THIS COURT TO SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS OF IMPRISONMENT IN THE STATE PRISON--

THAT'S OKAY WITH MR. JUDGE. I BEEN NEEDIN' A VACATION ANYWAY



WARDEN HODGES GREETED HIS NEW CHARGE...

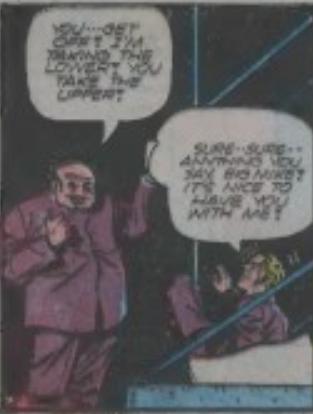
RUSSO, YOU WERE A BIG SHOT ONCE--BUT THAT WAS OUTSIDE THESE WALLS--NOW YOU'RE INSIDE--REMEMBER THAT, AND DON'T EXPECT ANY PRIVILEGES!

TOO BAD! I THOUGHT I MIGHT HAVE MY AFTERNOON TEA SERVED TO ME--TEN-TEEN! I GOT SOMA USED TO IT TOO!

THE NEWS OF BIG MIKE'S CAPTURE HAS TRAVELED VIA THE FONSON...

IT'S BIG MIKE ALL RIGHT?

HMM, JOE...I AIN'T SEEN YOU SINCE CHIT HIR, MUGGETT WELL--TRIGGER BRUN--WHEN DID THEY GET YOU?



AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE MAN RESPONDED FOR RUSSO'S IMPOUNDRMENT SPEAKS TO HIS YOUNG ADE...

WELL--YOU FINALLY PUT MIKE RUSSO WHERE HE BELONGS!

YES...AND I THINK THIS MEANS THE END OF HIS ACTIVITIES!

BUT THE NEXT DAY AS WARDEN HODGES DRIVES BACK FROM THE CITY TOWARD THE JAIL...

HENRY--YOU'RE DRIVING RUSSO'S CAR TO... WHAAT...

I'M NOT DRIVING IT--HENRY-- AND I'D RATHER GO ON THE NIGHT SHIFT NOW, SIT BACK AND RELAX TILL MY PALS GET HERE!



SOME TIME LATER--IN A HIDDEN ROOM--

"MAYBE--THAT'S
RIGHT, MAC.
THAT EYEBROW
DOES UP A
LITTLE THERE--
YEAH--NOW YOU'VE GOT
IT!"

"YOU'LL
NEVER
GET AWAY
WITH
THIS!"

MOMENTS AFTER--TWO
WARDEN HOODS STAND
IN THE ROOM--

"A CLEVER
MADE TO
DO--BUT
YOU'LL NEVER
DO ANYTHING
WHAT ABOUT
VOICE AND
GESTURES?"

"WE'RE TAKING
CARE OF THAT,
TOO! I'll
SHOW YOU
WHAT YOU
MEANT!"

THE LIGHTS WINK
OUT AND--

"I DO NOT
BELIEVE IN
CAPITAL
PUNISHMENT
FOR MEN
WHO..."

"--WE ALSO
HAVE RADIO
TELEST 2000
THING YOU'RE
AN IMPORTANT
MAN! WE'VE
ENOUGH MATERIAL
TO MAKE OUR
MAN GO ON
YOUR DISRESPECT
AND MANNER
OF SPEAKING--
CLEVER,
ENF."

LATER THAT EVENING--
THE BOATS PULL UP
BEFORE THE ISLAND
PRISON...

"YOU'RE
BACK LATE,
HARDON'T
WHY ALL THE
NEW
GUARDS?"

"I GOT
A TIP THAT
THERE MAY
BE AN
ATTEMPTED
PRISON BREAK
TONIGHT!"

BUT ONCE
INSIDE THE
PRISON WALLS,
THE NEW
GUARDS HAVE
EVEN LESS
TIME--
ONE IS
DUPLICATED
MANY TIMES IN
THE DEATH HOUSE
WIND--

"GET
EM UP!"

"HUH?"

"HA, BOSS!
EVERYTHING
WORKED
LIKE A
CHARM--
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOUR
FEETE?"

"AL-LIF I DONT
KNOW WHO YOU
WAS, I'D SAY YOU
WERE MISSING KNEESE
ON MY FEET?
THESE PRISON
SHOES?--NOW
I CAN PUT ON
SOME SOFT
SHOEST."

THE PRISON GUARDS ARE STRIPPED
OF THEIR GUNS AND HERDED
FORWARD INTO THE PRISON YARD--

"YOU GUARDS--
I'M GONNA MAKE
THIS PLACE MY
HEADQUARTERS--
WE PLAY
BALL WITH A
BALL AND YOU'LL BE
EATIN' OUT COLD
PLATEST."

"NOT
ME!,
YOU CAN'T
USE ME
FOR YOUR
ROTEN
WORK."

A SHOT CRASHES
THROUGH THE
SILENT NIGHT--

"THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE HAPPY TO
OTHER GUARDS!
NO, I DON'T
WANNA THROWN
IN WITH ME--I
THINK IT
OVERT."





IN THE TURMOIL A MAN OVERCHIEF FALLS
AND THE BATMAN CATCHES A GLIMPSE
OF THE MAN'S FACE---



THE NEXT
INSTANT, THE
CAR WHIPS
ABOUT A CORNER
AT DAZZLING
MOTOR SPEED,
HURLING THE
BATMAN FROM
HOPE RANCH



SOMETHING'S
WRONG! THAT
GUY'S SHERMAN--
SUPPOSED TO BE
ON NORTH ISLAND
PRISON WAITING
FOR EXECUTION--



THE BATMAN VISITS
COMMISSIONER GORDON--

--AND TRIGGER
SHERMAN IS IN
THE SAME PRISON
THAT BIG NAKI
RUSSO IS IN AND
THOSE ROBBERS
LATELY ALL BEAR
THE STAMP OF INNOCENT
ANXIES

RUSSO
BEHIND BARS
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE
TO PROVE.
YOU'RE
WRONG, JU
TAKE YOU
TO THE
PRISON
MYSELF--



AND SO--LATER THAT DAY--

THE
PRISON
SEEMS TO
BE IN
ORDO
HARDENT?

BEATHAN,
YOU DON'T
SEEM VERY
POPULAR!

PERHAPS IT'S
BECAUSE I SENT
THEM HERE?

THE
BATMAN
BOOT



BATMAN--
HERE'S
TRIGGER
SHERMAN

HELLO,
TRIGGERS!
HOW ARE
THEY DRIVING
YOU?

JUST DANDY
YOU GOTTA
EXCUSE ME
NOW--I
DON'TTA PUT
ON AN
TUXEDO SOS.
I CAN GO TO
THE POLICEMEN'S
BALL!



BIG NAKI RUSSO RECEIVES THE VISITORS

WELL--
THE BATMAN
AND COMMISSIONER
GORDON THIS
IS AN
HONOR*

TOO BAD
I CAN'T
BUY THE
SAME!

SUDDENLY THE BATMAN
RIVETS HIS KEEN EYES ON
RUSSO'S FEET--



LATER... OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS...

"SO ALREADY WEARING SPECIAL SHOES INSTEAD OF THE REGULATION ONES - SOMETHING'S WRONG!"

"DODGE I WANT TO ARRANGE TO HAVE ME SENT TO JAIL!"

HMM?

THE NEXT DAY A INSIDING RONALD PERSONED IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE GOOLY MARCHEN T.

"GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GIVE THIS MUG THE OLD SPURT."

"AHM -- PAUL 'KILLER' SICKES AS THE PRISON WARDEN I WISH TO HARVU..."

SAY THE SOFT SOAD ANOTHER DAY INTERESTED

DON'T SHOUT
I CAN WALK IN BY MYSELF

LATER AS ONE OF THE PRISON GUARDS PUSHES THE PRISONER TOWARD HIS CELL

"HOLD IT...
TOUGH GUY SHE"

"I'LL KILL YOU!"

"TOUGH ENOUGH.
WANTS IT TO YOU?"

I CAN USE
TOUGH GUYST
YOU'RE KILLER
SICKES ANYMORE
I CAN LET YOU
IN ON
SOMETHING
BUT

YEAH...
START TALKIN'?

SOME TIME LATER... IN HIS OWN CELL THE PRISONER SMILED... AND UNDER THE CLEVER MAKEUP IS THE GRIMMING FACE OF BRUCE WAYNE, THE BATMAN!

"I'M AWAY NOW I'VE GOT TO GET HARD TO ADORN HIS HAUNTING OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALLS... CAN'T USE MY CONTACT LENSES... WAIT... I HAVE AN IDEA!"

OUTSIDE IN THE PRISON YARD, A HAND SCRABBLE A MESSAGE ON A BASEBALL...



"OUT OF THE WAY,
BLIND... I'M COMIN'"

HERE,ITCHIN'...
I LIKE A NEW BALL
WHEN I PLAY!"



THE BATMAN WAITS TILL THE RIGHT PITCH COMES ALONG, AND THEN----



...A SMALL FIGURE DARTS TOWARD THE BOUNDING BALL, AND SNAPPING IT, RACES AWAY!

THE BATMAN SAID HIS MESSAGE WOULD COME OVER THE WALL SOMEWAY--THIS MUST BE IT!

THAT NIGHT---

OKAY, YOU GUYS--YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS. KNOWLEDGE THIS IS YOUR JOB. LET'S GET WITH ME--LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

DON'T WORRY--YOU'LL SEE PLenty BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER!

ONE HOUR LATER--
8 O'CLOCK--
THE RING WAREHOUSE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT'RE YA STARIN' AT ME FOR?

C'MON, KILLER, PUT THOSE HOLY SMOKE!

YOURS
PROPS
IS IT
MELTIN'?

THAT AINT HIS PROPS--IT'S MELTING--THE TERRIFIC HEAT OF THAT LIGHT BULB HE'S STANDIN' UNDER MELTIN' IT!

THE BATMAN'S FINGER COUNTS SWIFTLY TO THE LIGHT SWITCH, AND--

WHERE IS THAT GUY?

RIGHT HERE, CHUM?

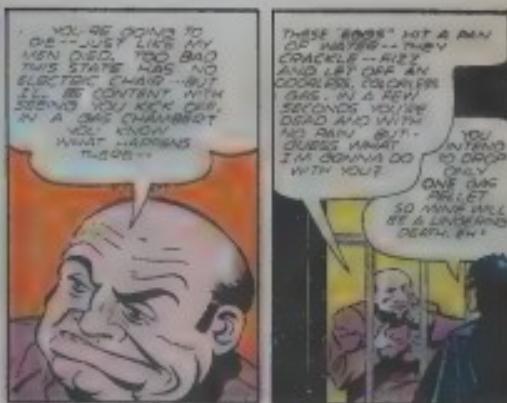
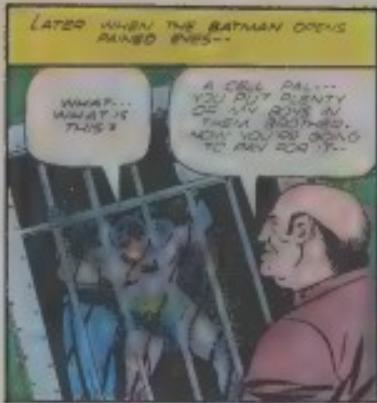
THE BATMAN?

GET THE LIGHT ON SOMEBOODY!

THEN PLUNGING INTO THE ROOM IS ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER--







A FLOOR BELOW A STEEL DOOR
CLOSED--ROBIN HAS BEEN PUT
IN SOLITARY!

OKAY--
SMART KID--
LET'S SEE
YOU GET
OUT OF
THERE!

A SHINY STEEL ROOM
ABOVE A TRAY VENTILATOR--
NO KEYHOLE ON THE DOOR

THERE'S NO
WAY OUT--NO
KEYHOLE--NOTHING
BUT STEEL WALLS
WALL--WHAT'S
THAT--
FOOTSTEPS?

FOOTSTEPS! THE BATMAN MARCHED
TOWARD HIS DOOR--THE GAS CHAMBER



BETWEEN ROBIN
GROWS FRANTIC.
HOW CAN HE
ESCAPE FROM AN
ESCAPE-PROOF CELL?

BUT TO GET OUT--
IF I COULD ONLY
MOVE THAT BOLT
OUTSIDE--NEED A
MAGNET FOR THAT--
MAGNET--I'VE GOT
IT--MY BELT--
WHICH IS SET--
DYNAMO--



NOTE--A DYNAMO CONSISTS OF A MAGNET
WITH WIRES AROUND IT.

GOOD THING DYNAMO
MAGNETS ARE THE
MOST POWERFUL
IN THE WORLD--
MOVE THE
LATCH UP LIKE THAT!



PUT THE
CYANIDE EGGS
ON THE RELEASE,
JOE! WE'RE
ALL SET
NOW!

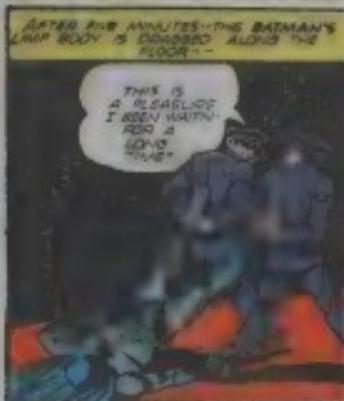


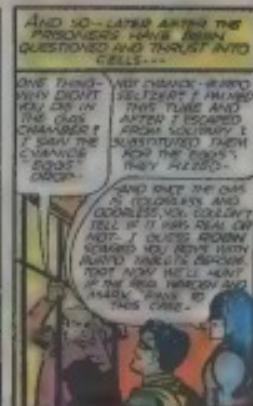
THE BATMAN IS BEING
STRAPPED IN THE CHAIR--
CAN ROBIN ESCAPE
IN TIME TO SAVE
THE BATMAN?

MINUTES PASS--CRIMINALS, EAGERLY
OBSEERVE, AS THEIR NEMESIS, THE
BATMAN IS ABOUT TO DIE!

IT TOOK ME,
MIKE RUSSO,
TO END THE
CAREER OF THE
GREAT BATMAN!
HA-HA!







THE WINNING TEAM!

BATMAN

AND

ROBIN

BATTLE THEIR WAY
THROUGH FAST
AND FANTASTIC
ENCOUNTERS WITH

*The World's Worst
(AND THEREFORE BEST!)*

VILLAINS
EVERY MONTH

IN

DETECTIVE COMICS!



"I'll be seeing you on
the screen... with more
thrills than ever before!"

Yes, the world's greatest
adventure strip character
is now the movies greatest
action hero. Ask the
manager of your favorite
theatre when "SUPERMAN"
is coming to your town!



SEE how the Man of
Steel saves from the plane
of Krypton and develops
his wonderful speed,
strength and stamina!

SEE Superman rescues
from the mad-monster who
tried to rule the world!

SEE Superman hold up
a skyscraper... lower the
earth up into space!

SUPERMAN

IS IN THE
MOVIES!

Don't miss a single one of these Paramount Shorts in TECHNICOLOR!

RESCUE MISSION

BY JOHN HILTON

THIS was the first day in three days hadn't hampered the search. Today, there was no sun but at least a pilot could see. Anxiously, Navy pilot Bob Crane focussed his binoculars over Death Jungle, which held the secret of Doctor Scott and his two assistants, who had been reported missing from the expedition. This was the last day the navy planes could search.

The Commander had been right when he said anyone lost in this jungle was likely to stay there. It was like being in a high-walled prison. The way cliffs and bluffs surrounded the dense foliage of the jungle. Landing would be virtually impossible.

Bob's powerful motor roared over the silence of the jungle. Studying his map, he noticed he was close to Amaprano volcano. In the time that had elapsed, the Scott party could not have gone further than that.

Yet how was a search pilot to know? The closely linked trees jealously guarded the jungle's secret. A man lost there had no more chance of being found than a needle in a haystack. Not unless . . . unless . . .

It was as though Bob's thought had been voiced! He had been thinking that if the Scott party were alive and well, they should have managed some sort of signal.

And now, right before him, a thin trail of smoke was rising!

Less than a minute later, Bob saw them.

Two men, clothing in tatters, were waving their arms wildly, first pointing to the skies, then gesticulating to a figure at their feet.

It was Doctor Scott, and badly hurt Bob saw.

Bob studied the area where he had found Scott and his party. Here, the trees were not quite as dense, not so closely

packed together. And there was a small clearing at their foot.

Only for an instant did Bob reckon the danger. Then, his cool, methodical mind sprang to his aid. Carefully judging the distance, he sent the plane into a side-slip, one of the most difficult maneuvers in a pilot's book.

Bob's face was grim as the plane's wings grazed the trees. Anxiously, he coaxed the plane down.

He found himself wet with perspiration when the ship came to the ground safely. One of the men rushed over: "I'm Ransom," he said. "That was one of the finest pieces of flying I've ever seen." His voice was excited. "We've been running from natives," he said. "That's why we couldn't signal. It was agonizing, hearing your plane the last two days and being afraid to do anything about it. Today, we decided to take a chance when the Doctor's wound got worse."

Doctor Scott smiled weakly at Bob. He tried to speak when suddenly a low, ominous rumble spread through the jungle. The earth seemed to shake. The Doctor turned frightened eyes in the direction of the sound. "Amaprano," he whispered. "It's erupting."

The rumbling grew louder and a bright flash spread over the jungle. Ransom spoke first. "It looks like we're trapped. Lieutenant," he said. "But there is a chance that you and the Doctor might get out. We want you to take it."

Bob knew what was in the man's mind. The same thing was in his own. If, by some miracle, he could get out, the Doctor was the only person he could carry. The plane might lift over the trees, but never over the cliffs behind the erupting volcano.

The rumbling was like thunderclaps now and the flashes

came regularly. Wild animals crashed through the foliage, frightened and seeking safety. Doctor Scott said weakly: "I would rather stay here, Lieutenant, with my men."

It was a heroic gesture and in that instant Bob knew the reasons for the tales of courage that had grown around Doctor Scott. He looked at the pain-wracked face of the scientist and said: "Sorry, sir. I think we'll risk it." Brusquely, he said to the two men. "Carry him into the plane. And get in yourselves."

Ransom stared at him. "But you won't be able to get elevation with such a load. You'll never clear those cliffs."

Bob's lips were grim. "We got an idea," he said. "Get in!"

Yes, it was an idea, dangerous and one chance in a million. But he decided to take it. The plane, he was sure, would clear the tree tops if he side-slipped carefully.

It did! He heard Ransom's sigh of relief as the over-loaded ship zoomed levelly ahead, toward the volcano. Smoke and fire and gasses rolled from it as the fighting plane nosed forward.

Heat blasted the sides of the ship. Bob revved up the motor.

"Now!" The word snapped from Bob's lips as he pulled back on the stick. For an instant, the ship seemed suspended in mid-air, over the yawning jaws of death.

Then, suddenly, it rose high as the gasses of the volcano caught it, tossed it in the air like a plaything. Back went the stick in Bob's whitened hands. Her nose went up as he pushed the motor to her utmost. The fuselage just grazed the dangerous, jagged cliff as the ship cleared them. Bob had won his battle with nature, turned an enemy into an ally. He was grinning as Ransom's head poked toward him. "You did it," Ransom whispered. "You did it."

Bob smiled. "Had to," he said. "The Navy wanted me back on time."

BATMAN

WITH ROBIN

BATMAN AND ROBIN, SWORN ENEMIES OF CRIME, MATCH WITS WITH A SINISTER AND CLEVER MASTER OF THE WEAPONS OF SCIENCE! WHO IS THIS INCREDIBLE, SERIE FIGURE GLOWING WITH UNHOLY, AURORESCENT LIGHTS? LET US CALL HIM BY THAT DREAD NAME WHICH IS TO BECOME SO TERRIBLY FAMILIAR TO ALL . . . Professor Radium!

CAN THE DYNAMIC DUO COPE WITH THE STRANGE WEAPONS OF THE WORLD OF SCIENCE? CAN THEY DEFEAT A MAN WHO MUST KILL SO THAT HE MAY LIVE? HERE IS THE ANSWER IN THE MOST AMAZING OF ALL ADVENTURES CALLED -- "The Strange Case of Professor Radium!"

A STRANGE REQUEST IS MADE AT THE CITY DOG POUND . . .

THE PUPPIES SEEM ALL RIGHT. WE CAN DELIVER THE DOGS TO THE YOUNG LABORATORY TONIGHT?

GAS CHAMBER CITY DOG POUND

EXCELLENT-- I WANT THEM AS THEY ARE NOW--DEAD



THAT NIGHT--IN A HOSPITAL LABORATORY
THE SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR ROSS, LABORS
TO SOLVE MAN'S GREATEST RIDDLE--

"WILL MY RADIUM REPAIR DEAD
TISSUE AND MAKE MAN
LIVE FOREVER? I SHALL
EITHER FIND THIS
GREATEST SCIENTIFIC
DISCOVERY SINCE TIME
BEGAN--OR
FAILURE!"

BUT, THE RADIUM-INFECTED
DOGS SHOW NO SIGN OF
MOVEMENT--"

"I'VE PAULED
ALL THESE
MONTHS OF WORK--
BUT WAIT--
PERHAPS IT'S
TOO SOON--
PERHAPS IT
NEEDS MORE
TIME!"

MINUTES DRAG INTO HOURS,
AND AS THE BLEARY-EYED
SCIENTIST RESTS AND WATCHES,
SLEEP FINALLY CONQUERS
HS EXHAUSTED BODY--

A HAND SHAKES HIM--

"HEY--WAKE UP!
YOU MUST HAVE SLEPT
IN THAT CHAIR
ALL NIGHT AND
SAY WHAT ARE
YOU STARTING
AROUND HERE--
A DOG KENNEL?
HA-HA!"

"ALIVE? THE
DOGS ARE ALIVE?
RADIUM SERUM CAN
REVERSE RADIODISEASE!
I MUST BRING A
REPORT TO THE
DIRECTOR AT ONCE!
NEXT, I MUST REVIVE
A DEAD MAN--
THEN I SHALL BE
FAMOUS!"

LATER THAT DAY, IN THE INSTITUTE
DIRECTOR'S OFFICE--

"THEY LOOK LIKE
THE DOGS WE
DELIVERED TO
THE PROFESSOR,
BUT I CAN'T
BE SURE!"

"THESE X-RAYS
SHOW NO TRACE
OF RADIUM IN
THE DOGS. ARE
YOU TRYING TO
PULL A HOAX
ON ME, PROFESSOR?"

"OF COURSE
NOT! I'LL BRING
ANOTHER DOG
TO LIFE AND
PROVE MY
CLAIM IS
TRUE!"

"A LIVE DOG
COULD BE
SUBSTITUTED
FOR A DEAD
ONE. YOU
KNOW YOUR
LIFE-REVIVING
CLAIM SEEMS
ABSURD. PERHAPS
YOU HAVE
APPROPRIATED
THE RADIUM FOR
YOUR OWN
PRIVATE USE."

"FOR YOUR EXCELLENT
WORK IN THE PAST,
WE WILL NOT CHARGE
YOU WITH THE THEFT
OF THOUSANDS OF
DOLLARS OF RADIUM,
BUT SHALL INSTEAD
ASK FOR YOUR
PERSONALITY?
GOOD DAY,
PROFESSOR
ROSS!"



ONCE IN A DARK LABORATORY JOHNSON SUDDENLY CHAPS - THE PROFESSOR'S BODY GLOWS FEARILY WITH A GREEN RADIANT LIGHT

LOOK AT YOUR BODY!

ABGHT

WHEN THE LIGHT IS FINALLY SWITCHED ON--

YOU SAY IT -- WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME?

JOHNSON, DO YOU SENSE SOMETHING?

OH!

HE'S DEAD -- I TOUCHED HIM -- NOW I KNOW WHAT KILLED THE ROSE, THE SPARROW, AND NOW YOU! I HAVE MADE MYSELF A MONSTER A HUMAN RADIUM RAY!

RICO CALLS THE POLICE. THE CORONER EXAMINES THE BODY--

NO WOUNDS LOOKS LIKE HEART FAILURE.

YES--HE DROPPED DEAD WHILE WE WERE TALKING!

QUEER FELLOWS LEAVING. I WENT TO SHAKE HANDS. HE AVOIDED IT.

I MIGHT HAVE KILLED THAT CORONER IF I TOUCHED HIM! I MUST FIND AN ANTIDOTE BEFORE I CAUSE SOMEONE'S DEATH!

HE WORKS REVERSES NIGHT AND DAY, WHEN--

I'VE GOT IT! THE ANTIDOTE-- MY BLOOD SHOWS LESS RADIUM ACTIVITIES AFTER EACH INJECTION! VOLTELL WILL MAKE ME WELL AGAIN--

BUT ALL DOESN'T GO WELL--HE FINDS THAT VOLTELL PERSISTS AFTER TWENTYNINE HOURS...

IT'S HORRIBLE--
I'VE CHANGED BACK
TO RADIUM AGAIN!!
I'VE NO MORE
VOLTELL SERUM TO
MAKE ME NORMAL--
I MUST GET
VOLTELL--
BUT FIRSTLY I'VE
GOT TO MAKE
SURE NO ONE
ELSE WILL
DIE--

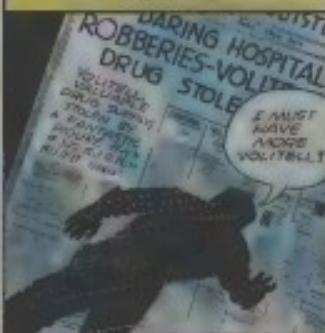
HE PASHIONS A
SLUT WOMEN
FROM A
GLORIOUS-EDO
CLOTHING-FACTORY--
A DARK THICKISH
RAINY RADIUM
GAVE WILL
NOT PASS-

IT LOOKS
BEARABLE,
BUT WILL
PROTECT ANYBODY
WHO WANTS
CONTACT MY
RADIMUM-CHARGED
BODY--NOW I
CAN GO AFTER
THE VOLTELL!

VOLTELL IS AN EXPENSIVE
DRUG, AND HE HAS USED HIS
FUNDS ON HIS EXPERIMENTS--
THAT NIGHT, HE FURTIVELY
ENTERS A HOSPITAL'S SUPPLY
ROOM--

ONLY TWO
OUNCES? I'LL
NEED A MUCH
GREATER
QUANTITY!

AS THE DESPERATE SCIENTIST
STEALS MORE AND MORE VOLTELL
NEWSPAPERS TELL AN AMAZING
STORY--



AND IN HIS HOME, BRUCE
WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS
YOUNG WARD, DICK
GRAYSON--

WONDER
WHO IS
BEHIND
THIS
VOLTELL
BUSINESS?



NIGHT--TWO CAPE FIGURES SWING THROUGH EMPTY SPACE--

THIS IS ONE
WAY TO GET
TO THE HOSPITAL
UNSEEN*

ONE WAY
IS AS GOOD
AS ANOTHER*

THE PROFESSOR HAS REMAINED
HIDDEN INSIDE THE HOSPITAL
ALL DAY LONG--

I CAN SLIP PAST
THOSE GUARDS
EASILY ENOUGH AND
GET INTO THE
SUPPLY ROOM*

BUT AS THE PROFESSOR PRACHES FOR THE
VOLTELL--TWO MANTLED FURES STORM INTO THE ROOM--



THE AGED, MACERATED PROFESSOR
HURLS RAZOR-EDGED SURGICAL
INSTRUMENTS AT THE CHARGING
ROBIN . . .



AS THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
CHASE ANGELA, THE PROFESSOR
PUSHES AN INSTRUMENT CABINET
OVER THEM.





MEANWHILE... THE
BATMANY STOLE ROBIN
SAFE IN THOSE OPEN WINDOW!

SURE,
ROBIN
LET'S
DO IT!

SWIFTLY THEY RACE THRU THE
HOSPITAL...

WE SURE
DISAPPOINT

BUT HE
FORGOT THE
GLOVE HE
DROPPED-

WHAT GOOD
WILL THE
GLOVE
DO?

NOTHING, BUT
IT MAY BE A
CLUE TO OUR
MURDERER! C'MON--

WHAT'S
THE
IDEA?

Criminals think
if they wear
gloves, they don't
leave fingerprints.
But they do -- on
the ends of
the gloves!

THE GLOVE IS TURNED
INSIDE OUT AND...

NOW DUST
POWDERS ON
OF LEAD OVER
THE TIPS--

THEN A CLEANING
SHEET SUCH AS
PHOTOGRAPHIC FILM
WRAPPED AROUND
FINGER AND VELCRO
SCARF, CALLING THE
GLOVE TO SHINE,
PRIMED OVER THE
MARKS MADE BY THE
LEAD OXYDE.

THE PAPER IS
PEELED OFF --
PHOTOGRAPHED
DUCKY AND
REHOLD --
FINGERPRINTS
OF THE CRIMINAL?



SOMETIMES LATER—

YOU WERE RIGHT, BATMAN! THAT GIRL DIED OF INTERNAL RADIUM BURNS!

RADIUM BURNST

YES—AND I SUPPORT PROFESSOR JOHNSTON. HE DIED THE SAME WAY—THIS ALL TIES UP WITH PROFESSOR ROSS'S RADIUM EXPERIMENTS! SOMETHING WENT WRONG—HE NEEDS VOLITELL FOR AN ANTIDOTE—

LATER THAT DAY AS PROFESSOR ROSS RETURNS TO HIS HOME—

POLICE! I SHOULD HAVE RETURNED HOME SOONER—A GOOD THING THE VOLITELL IS HIDDEN.

THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW SEE THE GREATEST MURKIN IN THE HISTORY OF CRIME.

PROF. HENRY F. RADIUM/ROSS AT LARGE!

MEANWHILE A DISGUL CHANCE COMES OVER PROFESSOR ROSS—HE IS NOW KNOWN AS PROFESSOR RADIUM.

I NEED MORE VOLITELL!

I'M MAD! HA-HA-HA! I'M CRAZY! THE CURSED RADIUM!

MY HAIR IS FALLING OUT! THE RADIUM IS BEGINNING TO WREAK ITS HORROR ON MY BODY!

I WANT TO MURDER... WAIT—WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME?

THE RADIUM—it's EATING INTO MY BODY... INTO MY BRAIN... I'M GOING MAD!

NOT A SIGN OF PROFESSOR RADIUM AND THAT BLASTED VOLITELL—WHERE DID HE HIDE IT?

VOLITELL, MAN! THAT'S WHAT HE NEEDS. IF YOU DRAW YOUR MEN AWAY FROM HIS HOME, I THINK HE'll COME BACK. SO THAT VOLITELL AND ROBIN AND I WILL BE WAITING FOR HIM—

POLICE WITHDRAWN FROM ROSS HOME!

POLICE GIVE UP SEARCH FOR PROF. RADIUM

AND THAT VERY NIGHT—TWO FIGURES WAIT IN THE SHADOWS—

DO YOU THINK HE'LL FAIL FOR THIS STUNT?

WE'LL SEE! I THINK I HEAR SOMETHING!

SO STRONG IS THE RADIUM-CHARGED BODY OF THE PROFESSOR THAT HE LITERALLY SLIDES HIS WAY THROUGH THE DOORS.

GODDIT IT'S
EMERGENCY

HE RACES SWIFTLY TO HIS LABORATORY AND DONS HIS PROTECTIVE SUIT.

IF I DON'T PUT ON THIS SUIT, I MIGHT HAVE SET THE HOUSE ON FIRE! LUCKILY I'VE AN EXTRA ONE TO REPLACE THE ONE I LEFT NOW--THE VOLTELL!

HE INTRUDERS A LARGE BOOK, AND...

THE VOLTELL? THE POLICE NEVER THOUGHT OF LOOKING IN A BOOK--HOW IT?

THAT'S ALL I
WANTED TO KNOW--
LET'S TAKE HIM ROBIN!

CHUCK!

SWIFTLY PERIODICALLY A CLOCK THE PROFESSOR EXPOSES A GLOWING HAND.

YOU FOOL! DIE--DEATH!

DEATH-DEALING
RADIAH RAYS BOMBARD THE BATMAN AND ROBIN.

BUT THE DUO REMAINS UNSCATHED...

YES--WE'RE STILL ALIVE! I MADE A TRANSPARENT RUBBERG COMPOSITION THAT I SPRAYED OVER OUR BODIES IMMUNIZING US FROM THE RADIUM...

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED HERE!

THE MADMAN RECOVERS AND THROWS A DAZZLING BEAM AT THE CEILING CHANDELIER.

THE CHANDELIER PLUNGEES DOWN, PINNING THE BATMAN TO THE FLOOR!

SO STARTLED IS ROBIN BY THE SUDDEN TURN OF EVENTS THAT HE IS CAUGHT UNARMED!

THEY RECOVER QUICKLY AND CHASE AFTER THE ESCAPING MADMAN!

UHHH

AND THIS SHOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU!

AFTER HIM, ROBIN?

HE'S HEADED FOR THE SHIPPORT!

PROFESSOR RADUM SCRAMBLES UP A SIDE LADDER...

MINUTES LATER, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN LEAP ABOARD THE SHIP...

I DON'T SEE HIM—DO YOU?

NOT KNOWING WHERE THAT BIRD HAS HOLLOWED HIMSELF IN,

LOOK OUT!

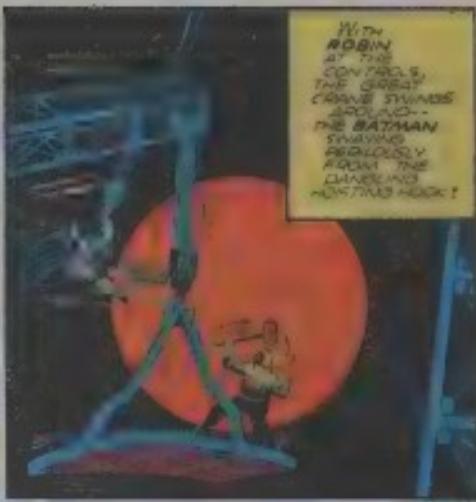
C'MON, ROBIN—BEFORE THAT MANIAC KILLS US, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

WHAT'S THAT?

HAT HAT MISSED YOU, BUT I WON'T AGAIN!



TAKING THE
LIFT UP TO THE
TOP OF A NEARBY
CRANE-THE
BATMAN
CAREFULLY PICKS
HIS WAY OVER
THE FRAGILE
ARM FROM WHICH
A GIANT HOOK
DANGLES.



WITH
ROBIN
AT HIS
CONTROL,
THE GREAT
CRANE SWINGS
AROUND--
THE BATMAN
SWIMMING
PEACEFULLY
DOWN THE
DANGEROUS
HURTING HOOK!



BUT THE TERRIFIC MOMENTUM
OF THE SWINGING ARM IS ENOUGH
TO SEND THE **BATMAN**
SHOOTING FORWARD AS THE CRANE
MOUNTS...



PROFESSOR RADIUM'S
ARMS FLAIL WILDLY AS HE
TRIES TO KEEP HIS
BALANCE.



...AND THEN PLUNGEES BACKWARD
INTO SPACE!



WE ALMOST MADE IT!
BUT I'LL GO BACK TO
RECOVER THE VICTIM
AND RETURN HIM TO
THE HOSPITAL...



SOME TIME LATER--
I WAS THINKING--
HERE WAS A MAN
WHO TRIED TO
DISCOVER SOMETHING
THAT WOULD GIVE
LIFE TO PEOPLE--
BUT IN SO DOING
HE CREATED
FRANKENSTEIN--
A MONSTER THAT
DISTORTED
HUMAN LIFE--

...BUT HAS THE MAN BEEN
KILLED BY THE FEAR OF THIS
MONSTER OR DOES HE STILL LIVE
ON AS THE MAD SCIENTIST?

THE END



OUT IN FRONT!

The STAR-SPANGLED KID
And STRIPESY ARE MAKING
COMIC MAGAZINE HISTORY!
WRITTEN BY JERRY SIEGEL
—CREATOR OF SUPERMAN!
DRAWN By HAL SHERMAN
—FAMOUS ACTION-ARTIST!

A TOP COMBINATION
ON A TOP FEATURE!

64 BREATHTAKING, ACTION-PACKED PAGES
NOW ON SALE!

WOW!! YOUGHTA SEE THE WAY
THAT **SHINING KNIGHT** GOES
TO WORK ON MODERN CROOKS!
--HE'S GOT BULLET-PROOF ARMOR,
A WINGED HORSE, AN' A SWORD
THAT CUTS THROUGH
SOLID STEEL!



HE SURE IS
TERRIFIC -- AN' SO
IS **STARMAN**!
—AN' YOU GET BOTH
OF 'EM EVERY
MONTH IN
**ADVENTURE
COMICS** !!



P.S. BRAND-NEW SIZZLERS IN MORE FUN COMICS, TOO!

CHIEF Hot Foot





BATMAN

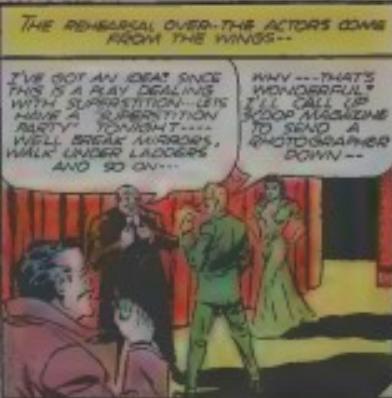
ROBIN

EVER WALK UNDER A
LADDOO AND WONDER WHAT
MIGHT HAPPEN? EVER
JUMP IN FRIGID WATER
BLACK CAT CROSS YOUR
PATH? EVER BREAK A MIRROR?
BOTH FEAR SHOULD FOLLOW
AND FEAR SHOULD FOLLOW
BAD LUCK. YOU ARE GOING TO
WELL... YOU ARE GOING TO
BE INTRODUCED TO A GROUP
OF PEOPLE WHO DERIDE THESE
OLD-SCHOOL SUPERSTITIONS.
THEY ARE GOING TO TELL YOU
ABOUT HOW A GEAR OF
SUPERSTITION TRANSFORMED A
COMPANY OF ACTORS INTO TERROR-
STRUCK SHADOWS AND
ROBIN WRESTLED WITH BATMAN
AT THEIR OWN SHADOWS.
HOW THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
WERE FORCED TO CALL UPON
THE LAST GLANCE OF THEIR
STRENGTH AND UNRAVEL THE
POWERS TO UNRAVEL THE
MYSTERY OF
The Superstitious Murders!



A GLISTENING NEEDLE ENTERS THE
SOFT OF A TINY DOLL--A HANG-
CLUTCHES AT A PALMING HEART--
AND A LIFELESS BODY FALLS FORWARD!





THREE CIGARETTES ARE LIT ON ONE MATCH?



THE PHOTOGRAPHER JOINS THE PARTY...



YELLOW EYES SHINING AND PURPLE STALKS IN...



ANOTHER SUPERSTITION IS BROKEN-- AN UMBRELLA IS OPENED INDOORS!



LATER, AS THE PARTY GOES ON, HEARS A TERRIFYING SCREAM... FOLLOWED BY THE SOUND OF A FALLING BODY... CUTS THROUGH THE MERRY-MAKERS DINT?



OUTDOORS, BOY BEARS HIS OWN TESTIMONY



THE LADDER KILLED HIM-- AND HE WAS THE ONE WHO LADDERED UP. HE WALKED UNDER ONE A LITTLE WHILE AGO!



SOMEONE CALLS THE LOCAL FOLK...
I'D SAY
HAD LADDER
FELL ON
WHAT
IT WAS
AN ACCIDENT!

A FEW MINU... I LATER--

ACCIDENT--
PLANT THEM
POLICE NEVER
DO HEY
BRAINS! IT'S
MURDE--?
HE MAY
BE RIGHT--
I'LL KNOW
AFTER I
EXAMINE
THAT GLASS!
I'LL KICK
IT TO THE
TOP AS AN
ACCIDENT!

IN HIS LABORATORY THE
PHOTOGRAPHER DEVELOPS THE
PARTY'S PICTURES--WHEN--

WELL...
THAT OLD
COOT WAS RIGHT!
THAT WAS
NO ACCIDENT--
IT WAS
MURDER!

LATER...

I PUT YOUR
PHONE CALL--
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

NOTHING--I
EXCEPT--
EXAMINE THIS
PICTURE?

IT SHOWS YOU
PUTTING POISON
FROM THE TRICK
RING ON YOUR
HAND INTO BROOKS
BLAST ER--WOULD
YOU LIKE TO BUY THIS
PICTURE--
FOR A
PRICE?

MEANWHILE--

TWO THINGS HAVE TO BE
CLEARED UP: ONE IS FREDDIE
DRINKING GLASS AND THE
OTHER IS THAT
LADDER!



LATER-- AFTER
RETURNING FROM THE
PHOTOGRAPHY...

YOU OUTLIVED
YOUR
USEFULNESS!

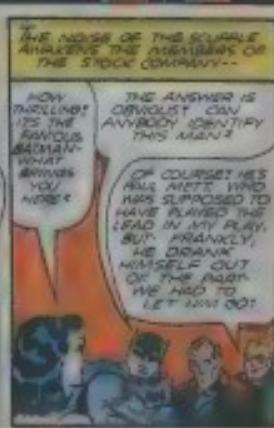
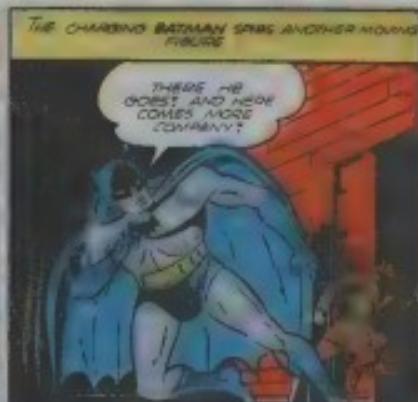
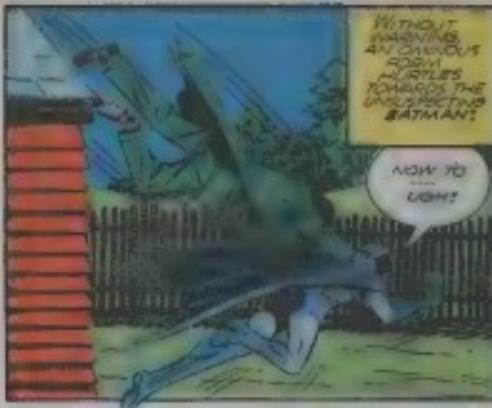
THE BATMAN SLIDES SILENTLY OVER
THE HARDBACKED GROUND.

HERE'S
LORING.
NOBODY'S
MOVED
ANYTHING?

OUTSIDE THE THEATRE-BARN
HE RINGS--

SHH HERE IT IS!
JUST AS I SUSPECTED--
AN OODA LINE THAT
ON BURN ALMOND
THIS MAN WAS
LAUNDERED--
POISONED BY
PLASTIC ACID!





BATMAN EXPLAINS ABOUT THE MURKIN AGO

IN OTHER WORDS, ANOTHER HAS THE GLASS ON HIM. IS THE MURKIN?

THAT'S RIGHT... AND I'M STARTING MY SEARCH WITH METT. HERE?

SURE-PICK ON ME-- BECAUSE I LOST THE GLASS YOU THOUGHT I KILLED BROOK!

AS THE PANICKEY ACTOR SQUEEZES THE GLASS, A FIGURE LEAPS FORWARD

I'VE WARNED YOU-- NOW--

WHEN?

WHILE BATMAN SEARCHES METT, ONE OF THE TRIO PHONES THE POLICE...

THANKS! YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS CHAIR IS CONCEALING-- WHAT'S THIS? DRAMATIC MR TELES OF PAUL REDMOND BUT NO GLASS?

DRAMATIC CLIPPINGS? MORE PRECIOUS TO AN ACTOR THAN HIS FOOD-- TOO BAD-- BUT THE PATH TO DELIRIUM IS BREAKER!

UNION ARRIVING, THE POLICE STREET BATMAN--

BY GINGER, IT'S THE BATMAN!

FRED BROOK'S WAS MURKED, AND I'M CHECKING ON THIS MURKIN FOR A CLUE!

SORRY, MISTER BATMAN, BUT ONLY TEN MINUTES AGO WE LET HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE NOW WHERE HE WAS CONFINED-- FOR DRUNKENNESS

THE OTHERS ARE SEARCHED-- BUT NO GLASS!

HUH? YOU AND BROOK WERE IN PARTNERSHIP ON ALL YOUR SHOWS-- IT SEEMS TO ME THAT YOU ARE THE ONE TO PROFIT MOST BY US BEING DEATH!

IF I HAD ANY INTENTIONS OF COMMITTING MURDER, I WOULD DO IT TONIGHT, ELVERLY!

A CRACKING VOICE RIPS THROUGH THE NIGHT--

MARK MY WORDS... THERE WILL BE MORE MURKERS! ONLY IGNORANT PEOPLE ABUSE SUPERSTITION!

HE MEANS US!

LATER--

--YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST TO PREVENT MORE MURKERS!

THAT GLASS WAS MY ONLY CLUE, AND IT'S BROKEN. I WANDER IF THE PHOTOGRAPHER WOULD SAY HE'VE DOF IT. TOMORROW NIGHT, I WANT YOU TO SEE THE PHOTOGRAPHER LOOK AT THE PICTURES HE SHARDED. ONE OF THEM MAY CONTAIN A CLUE!

NEXT NIGHT-- THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CABIN

WHAT'S THAT?

I PAID FOR THE PICTURE, BUT YOU KEPT THE NEGATIVE!

A HEAVY CRASH FOLLOWED BY THE FUDG OF A FALLING BOOM--SENDS ROBIN FLYING TOWARDS THE CABIN.

WELL... I'M NOT PAYING ANY MORE BLACKMAIL!

SOUNDS LIKE A ROTT!

KILLED BY A MURKOT AND THE BATMAN SAID THAT THIS FELON WAS THE ONE WHO BROKE THE MURKOT AT THE PARTY!

AS ROBIN BENDS OVER THE LIFELESS AND TO GRABBER, A FRAGMENT OF GLASS TELLS A TERRIFYING STORY...

WONDER IF... WHAT?

ROBIN WHIPS ABOUT--

BO STRONG MAN WOULDNT KILL A LITTLE BOY-- OR WOULD HE?

WHY, YOU--

GATHERING AN OATH--THE MASKED MAN JUST BEATS ROBIN TO THE DOOR--

PRODDED MY KNEE-- GOT TO GET AWAY!

WAIT FOR BABY... GONE!

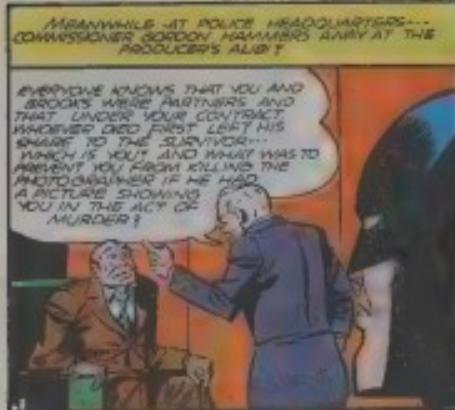
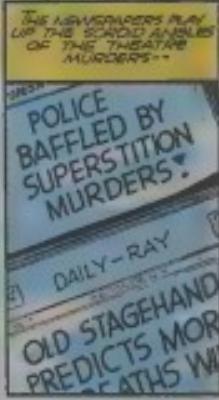
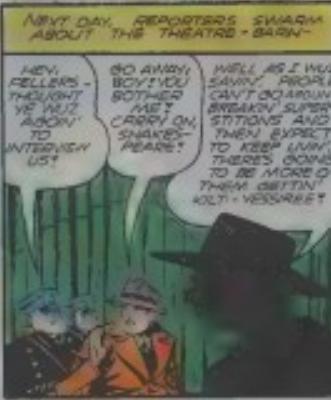
SLAM!

ROBIN ROUNDS AFTER THE MASKED MAN WHO IS MAKING FOR THE THEATRE-BARN.

SUDDENLY, A Pitch-FORK WHIZZES PAST ROBIN'S HEAD AND SINKS ITS STEEL PRONGS DEEP INTO THE BARN-DOOR.

WOW?





AT THE BARN-THEATRE SCENERY IS BEING TAKEN TO WAITING TRUCKS--FOR TONIGHT--THE PLAY OPENS IN THE CITY!

WELL, CHILLIN' TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT--I'LL BE IN THE FRONT ROW, CHEERING!

DO YOU THINK THE ER--UNFORTUNATE PUBLICITY WILL AFFECT THE SALE OF TICKETS?

THIS PLAY SHOULD NEVER OPEN--IT'S CURSED!

THAT NIGHT OUTSIDE THE TROJAN THEATRE?

ERS

SUPERSTITION MURDERS

DON'T... DON'T EVEN SAY THAT!

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, MY FRIEND, THE PUBLIC ALWAYS WILL BE ATTRACTED TO SOMETHING WITH MORBID OVERtones--THEY ARE PROBABLY LOOKING FOR ANOTHER MURDER!

HELLO, BANKSY--THOUGHT THE POLICE WE'RE HOLDING YOU.

THEY COULDN'T HOLD ME--I GOT OUT ON A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS--HOLY SMOKET! LOOK AT THAT CROWD!

AS THE CURTAIN RISES, AN ODD SCENE TAKES PLACE IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS.

IN THE WINGS--AS THE INSINUOUS AWAIT HER CLUB--

MEOWWW-- QUIET--SOON YOU WILL BE PLAYING A STARRING ROLE!

I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN YOUR SHOES--HAVING TO CARRY A BLACK CAT ON THE STAGE!

DON'T BE SILLY! THEY ARE MY FAVORITES.

AT THAT MOMENT, A DART STREAKS FROM A BLOW-TUBE--

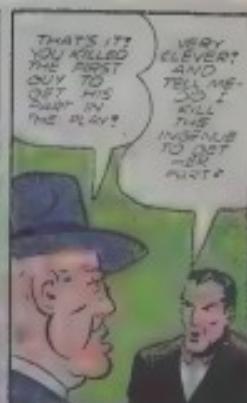
--AND IMPALOS ITS NEEDLE-POINT INTO THE BLACK CAT'S HIDE--

THE BODY TOPPLES TO THE STAGE IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE--



ONCE AGAIN A VIOLATED SUPERSTITION WREAKS VENGEANCE UPON THE PERSON WHO DARED TO BREAK IT!

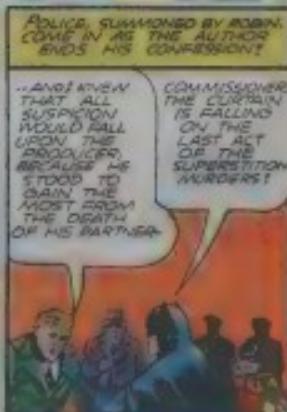
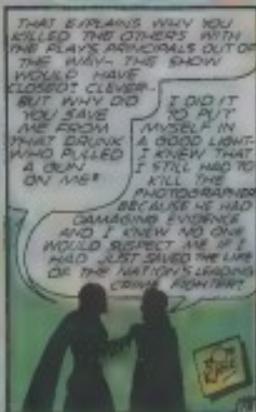
A FRENZIED PHONE CALL BRINGS THE POLICE AND COMMISSIONER BUSTLING TO THE SCENE!



HIS FACE CONFUSED - THE COMMISSIONER TURNS ON THE PRODUCER...

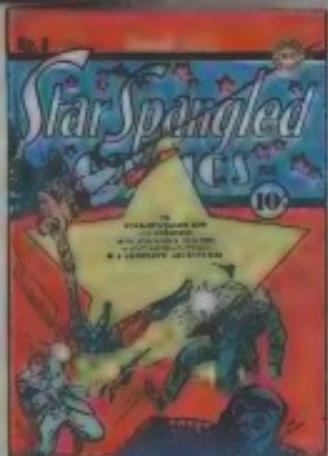






The 'BIG SIX' now
becomes the 'BIG SEVEN'

—again calling your attention to—



WITH THE ADDITION OF
STAR SPANGLED COMICS
TO THE DC COMIC
GROUP, THERE ARE NOW

SEVEN
MONTHLY
MAGAZINES
BEARING THIS TRADE-
MARK WHICH MEANS



"Topps"
IN COMIC
READING!



POKEY BEEZER









ACTION STUFF

BY

ERIC CARTER

J OHNNY SHEAN put down his megaphone and signaled the cameraman to stop grinding. Grinning, the cameraman, Ben Boyd, slung the light tripod and camera over his shoulder and walked over to where Johnny was bawling out his youthful cast in this amateur movie the gang was making.

"You fellows are supposed to be gangsters, fleeing from the police," he raged. "So when you come around that bend in the road come around fast!"

"But, Johnny," protested Willie Evans. "We came as fast as that old jalopy of mine would go. And Tom's car isn't any faster." He ventured a suggestion. "Why don't we make this picture another 'Grapes of Wrath'? The car would fit in nice then."

Johnny's voice was exasperated. By now the boys who were playing the FBI had come up. They listened as Johnny again explained. "First, the gangsters firing blanks come around the bend. A bank has just been robbed and the FBI is after the mobsters. Here, wait a minute—"

Johnny ran down the road, stopped and waved his hands. Then he rushed back. "Right where I was," he said, "where the gangster car should pass the camera going at least fifty. I'll mark it somehow. Nobody uses this old road anymore so it's safe to speed. And I know Willie can handle his car, if nobody else can. Now are you with me or against me?"

"Gosh, Johnny," they chorused. "We're with you. After all, we want the Winawasha Moviemakers Club to win the amateur movie production tourney."

"Okay," Johnny said professionally. "On your way then. And come out shooting," he added as an afterthought.

Johnny and Ben, his cameramen, watched as the car turned

around and headed for the bend. "It'll take five minutes for them to get started," Johnny said. "So we'll have to hurry and mark the spot where the cars will pass by the camera. Here, we'll use your car, Ben. It's small and won't appear in the picture."

Ben's protests fell upon deaf ears. The car, a bantam model, was his pride and joy. But when Johnny explained nothing could happen to it, he agreed to use it as a marker on the side of the site Johnny had selected. "Willie will set it there," Johnny said, "and race his car. That way we'll get a good action shot."

Johnny climbed into the small car and drove it where it would serve as a marker. It sat upon a slight incline, but Johnny figured that wouldn't show in the picture.

Ben had his camera set up. Seeing Johnny leave the car, he cried plaintively: "Listen, Johnny. I want—"

"Never mind," Johnny said, excitedly. "Here they come now." The sound of pistol fire reached their anxious ears. "Start cranking, Ben," Johnny cried. "And don't miss a thing."

Directorial eye ajar, Johnny watched the progress of the dilapidated car as it rounded the bend and raced ahead. "Good work, Willie," he murmured. "You're sure getting plenty of speed out of it."

Apprehensively, he watched as the FBI car came around the bend. Then he giggled. What had happened? These weren't FBI men—they were uniformed officers! How had the boys gotten those suits?

Johnny's heart leaped as he suddenly realized he wasn't looking at his actors. Those were real cops!

And the others? He couldn't be sure as the car zoomed past him. What had happened? What was Willie trying to do?

"Johnny, my car. Look!"

There was anguish in Ben's voice, but his eye was still glued to the camera as he cranked.

His car was sliding down the incline, straight into the path of Willie's ancient vehicle. Too late, the driver of the latter swerved. There was a loud explosion as trees blew out. The car crashed into the cliffs lining the mountain road.

Ben's eyes were wet as he shouldered his camera and ran with Johnny to the collision. Police on were pulling strange men from the wreckage of Willie's car.

Dazed, Johnny heard Ben say: "They didn't hurt my car. But no thanks to you, Johnny. I tried to tell you not to park it on an incline. The brakes wouldn't hold."

Johnny heard these words in a daze. Police Chief Weber was talking to him and saying: "You sure saved the day, Johnny. These muggs held up a bank in town, and figured on getting out over this old highway. When their car broke down, they seized one you boys were using. We saw them from the other hill." His eyes strayed to Willie's wrecked car. "We could have caught that on a bicycle," he added. "But you can be sure the bank will replace it." His men hustled the thieves into the police car.

Weber's eyes fell on the camera. "So you lads are making another movie, Johnny," he said. "That's fine. Keeps you out of mischief!"

Weber, hustled his burly figure into the car as an excited Willie and his "thugs" came up. "By the way, Johnny," Weber said kindly. "I don't want to spoil your fun, but be careful out here. Anything can happen. This isn't the movies, you know."

Johnny smiled as the police car rolled away. "No," he said, softly. "It isn't the movies. Just wait until you see this picture!"

THE END

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

The JOKER - WITH STYLING ALONE COULD MATCH THE BRAVAT OF ANY HERO IN THE WORLD. AFTER PRACTICALLY DESTROYING THE CITY OF GOTHAM, HE TOOK A COASTAL CRUISE ON THE JOKER'S BOAT. HE WAS ACCUSED OF KIDNAPPIING BATMAN AND ROBIN, AND WAS CAPTURED BY THE POLICE. BUT HE ESCAPED AND IS NOW HUNTING FOR THE LIGHT AND TO REIGN AS KING OF CRIMES!

CROSS COUNTRY

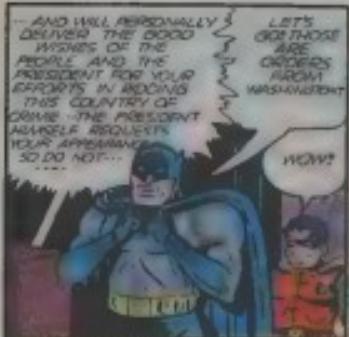


One night, as Bruce Wayne and his young ward, Dick Grayson, listen to the radio, they are startled to hear...

DICK... LISTEN...

CALLING THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN
WHOMEVER THEY MAY
BE, YOU ARE REQUESTED
TO COME TO THE MEETING
WITH HENRY
SWEDE, THE HEAD OF
THE H.B., WILL
MEET...

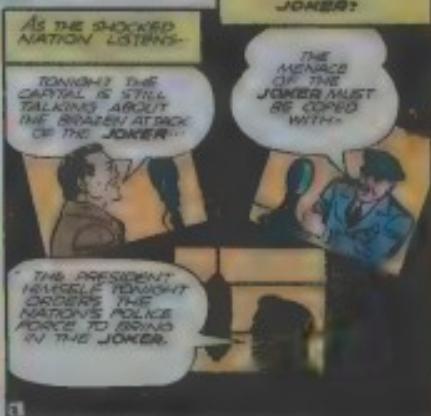




NOW THESE TWO BECOME THE MAIN
TERRORISTS OF ALL CIVILIANS--THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN!!!



WHO IS THIS TERRIBLE MENACING FIGURE? CAN IT BE.... YES, IT IS.... THE JOKER?



AND SO
BEGINS THE
GREATEST
MAGNITUDE OF ALL
MANHUNT IN ONE
TIME IN ONE
CITY. BEING
CRY STIRRERS
ACROSS THIS
COUNTRY LIKE
A RAGING
FIRE...TODAY
THE
JOKER?"

CALLING
ALL CARE-
ERS ON THE
LOOKOUT FOR
THE JOKER...

WANTED
DEAD OR ALIVE
TO QUOTE
THAT'S ALL I
KNOWED

1 HEIGHT: SIX FEET
TWO INCHES. COLOR
OF SKIN IS BLACK
WHITE EXCEPT FOR
RED LIPS....HAIR:
GREEN....THE
JOKER IS...

NOT JUST GOING
AFTER HIM...
WE'RE GOING
TO GET THE
JOKER
THIS TIME!

WE'RE GOING
AFTER THE
JOKER?

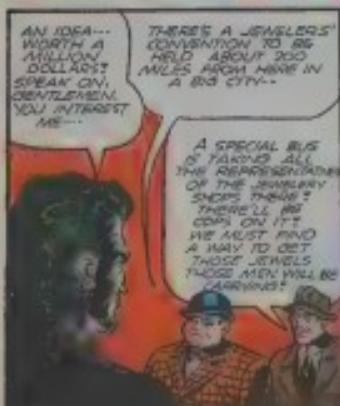


THE JOKER









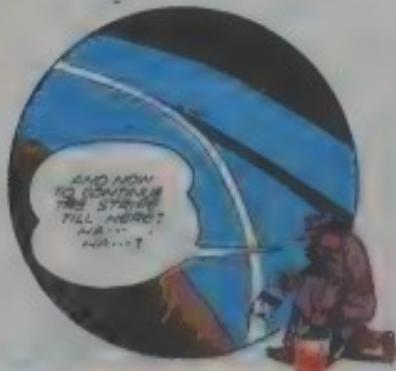
WILDER AND STILL WILDER DROPS THE LAUGHTER. SUCCESSIONALLY, ONE MAN GAGS COMPLICIALLY AND CLUTCHES AT HIS THROAT...



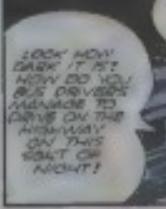
... HIS BODY SWINGS TO THE FLOOR, HIS HEAD BURSTS INTO A TERRIBLE JOKERS GANT!



AND THAT NIGHT... A MAN TOOK THRELLIBLY ON THE HIGHWAY...



FROM DISTANCE BACK, A SPECIALLY CHARTERED JEWELERS' CONVENTION BUS HURTLES THROUGH THE BLACK NIGHT!



WE NIGHT DRIVERS FOCUS OUR HEADLIGHTS ON THE WHITE STRIPES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HIGHWAY AND JUST FOLLOW IT!



A DEVERBERATING CRASH REACHES THE EAST OF THE TWO OCCUPANTS OF ANOTHER CAR ON THE SAME HIGHWAY.



TWO HANTLED SHAPES DROP DOWN TOWARD A MAN WHO BENDS OVER THE TWISTED WRECKAGE.





THEN--

WHAT'S
MOVING THE
CAR THE
OTHER WAY--
BACK WHERE
IT STARTED?

YOU'LL
DON'T
GET
INTO MY
HANDS
NOW JOKER!

THE ANHED ROBIN
HAS RECOVERED FROM
THE GAS AND PULLED
THE SWITCH THAT
WILL SEND THE CAR
BACK AT THE JOKER
IN IT!

BUT YOU
JOKER I
KNOW A
TRICK OR
TWO MYSELF...

LATER--THEY FIND
THE THIRD CLUE?

HANDBAG, SHH! IF
THAT'S THE JOKER'S NEW
MOVE, IT'S OURS
TOO!

THE BATMOBILE ROCKETS
THRU STATE AFTER STATE
ON THE TRAIL OF THE
ELUSIVE JOKER!

BEFORE
THE ASTONISHING
BATMAN AND
ROBIN
CAN RECOVER
FROM THIS
UNEXPECTED
MOVE THE
JOKER MAKES
HIS
ESCAPE!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
CLING TO THE TRAIL
WHEN STARTLING WORDS
SEND THEM UPRIGHT--

CALLING ALL
CARS! THE
JOKER HAS BEEN
SEEN ENTERING A
HOUSE ON
2255 CONCOURSE
AV.





BUT AS THE MEN SPRUNG ON THE SHAKED POSITION-- A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH-- AND TOOK COVER-- THE JOKER WAS THROWN TO SHOCKED UNCONSCIOUSNESS ON THE ROCK!



THE BATMAN WRITES A LIST OF THE CLUES...

LOOK WHAT THE LETTERS OR EACH STATE SAY!... THEN AFTER THE DOTS, IT'S NEW AND THE OTHER ONE OF DELAWARE!

JERSEY IS... THEN... OH, I SEE!... THEY STRET TO SPELL OUT THE JOKER'S NAME!

New Jersey
Ohio
Kansas
& Delaware

AND ADD THE ONE FROM RHODE ISLAND! ID-JOKER! THAT ENTERTAINING MAN HAS SPANNED HIS NAME ACROSS THE COUNTRY INSTEAD OF GOING TO DELAWARE! SO HE EXPECTS US TO...

New Jersey
Ohio
Kansas
& Delaware
Rhode Island

I KNOW! WE'RE GOING TO RHODE ISLAND! WELL, WE'LL BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF HIM!

TWO DAYS LATER...

HAT HAT! NAMSTAR WILL STOP AT THE FRAY HOTEL AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND! IT IS RUMORED HE HAS WITH HIM THE WIDOWERS DIAMOND, ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD...



PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND! I'LL BE THERE AND AWAY BEFORE THE BATMAN - THE DIAMOND IS MINE!

FRAY HOTEL... THE JOKER'S KNUCKLES RAP SHARPLY ON J. NAMSTAR'S DOOR...

YOU! THE BATMAN?

ALSO J. NAMSTAR, BATMAN REVERSED! I KNOW IF I USED A DIAMOND AS BAIT IN THE NEWSPAPER, YOU BITE - AND YOU DID!

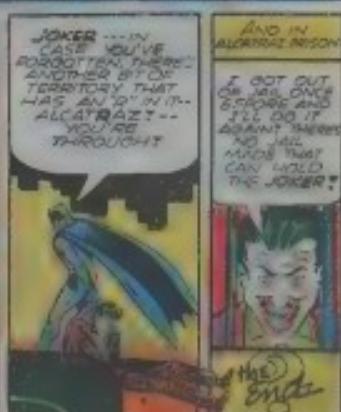


IM NOT CAUGHT YET! BATMAN NOT YET!

YOU SOON WILL BE CAUGHT - YOU SOON WILL BE!

YOU LITTLE BRAIN! GET OUT OF MY WAY!





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given

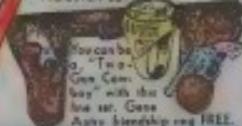


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